

AND PARTHENOPHE*
SONNETS* 401

MADRIGAL i 8 .



FTER AURORA'S blush, the sun
arose And spread his
beams ! With whose clear
gleams
My prickless rosebud veils his purple
leaves / In whose sweet folds, Morning did
pearls enclose. Where sun his beams, in
orb-like circle weaves,
And then t'enrich, stole those Nature's
beauty, PHCEBUS' virtue, Love's incense ;
Whose favour, sap, and savour, my sense
'reaves.
My Muse had these for themes : They, to
my Muse; my Muse, to them, defence.
PHCEBUS, sometimes, LOVE'S Oracles sends
thence.
Thus by my sun, a rose,
(Though a sweet rose prickless!)
Piickles arose ; dear prickle ! Which
me diseaseth much, though I be
sickless.
Nought me of joy bereaves ; Save favour,
sap, and favour, all be fickle. Blush not for
shame that thy sun spread his wings > '
My soul in sunder cleaves !
After AURORA'S blush, the sun
arose !

MADRIGAL 19 .



HY love's conceits are wound
about mine heart! Thy love
itself within mine heart, a
wound !
Thy torches all a row stick.
Which thy sweet grace about mine
heart hath bound^d There, gleaming
arrows stick in every part,
Which unto my marrow
prick, Thy beauty's fancy to
mine heart is thrall;
Mine heart, thy beauty's thrall
is found !
ENG. GAR, v.